

*The History of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, Ile be hang'd: it could not be else. I have drunk medicines: *Poynes*, *Hall*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile starve ere Ile rob a foot further: and twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth: eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough; a plague upon it, when theeves cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague upon you all, give me my horse, you rogues, Give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

*Fals.* Have you any leavers to lift me up again being down? Z'loud, Ile not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fals.* I prethee good Prince *Hall*, help me to my horse, Good Kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out you rogue shall I be your ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy telfin thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I have not ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poyson: when jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-Hill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do against my will.

*Poin.* Otis our setter, I know his voice; *Bardol*, what news?

*Bar.* Case ye, case ye, on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings coming down the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie, you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tavern.

*Gad.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fals.* To be hang'd.

*Prin.* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane.

*Ned Poynes* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Henry the*

*Peto.* But how many be they?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John* of no coward, *Hall*.

*Prin.* Well, weele leave that to

*Poy.* Sirra *Jack*, thy horse stands needest him, there thou shalt find

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our di

*Poy.* Here hard by: stand close

*Fals.* Now, my masters, happy man to his business.

*Enter the Th*

*Tra.* Come, neighbour, the be the hill, weele walk afoot a wh

*Theeves.* Stay.

*Fals.* Strike, down with them: horson caterpillers! Bacon-fec down with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are undone, both

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied kn chuffes, I would your store were knaves? yong men must live, weele jure you, yfaith.

*Here they rob them and the Prince, an*

*Prince.* The theeves have bo thou and I rob the theeves, & g be argument for a week, laught for ever.

*Poy.* Stand close, I hear them

*Enter the theeve*

*Fals.* Come, my masters, let us day: and the Prince and *Poynes* there's no equity stirring, there's in a wilde duck.

*Prin.*